L.C.O.
1851

Rev. B. Tappan D.D.

Augusta Me

A Monument to the Praise of God's Goodness, and Tribute to the Memory of a Departed Wife.

A

SERMON,

DELIVERED AT NEW SHARON,

On the Sabbath next succeeding the Interment of

MRS. TEMPERANCE LEE H. HAWES,

WHO DIED JULY 2, 1847, AGED 47 YEARS.

BY JOSIAH T. HAWES,

Pastor of the Congregational Church in said Town.

"O, 'tis a glorious boon to die."
"Precious in the sight of the Lord, is the death of his saints."

J. F. SPRAGUE, PRINTER,
Farmington.

To the many personal friends of his late companion, in this place and elsewhere, the following pages are affectionately inscribed, by their afflicted friend, THE AUTHOR.

New Sharon, Me., July, 1847.

SERMON.

Job iv: 5.—*But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled.*

This was the language of Eliphaz to Job. It was uttered on a deeply interesting occasion. Job was sorely afflicted. He had three distinguished friends who, hearing of the evils that had come upon him, came from their respective places of abode, to visit him, and condole with him. One of these was "Eliphaz the Temanite," who was descended, as is supposed, from Teman, the grandson of Esau. They all sat down with him upon the ground, and maintained silence, as the most expressive method of manifesting their sympathy with him, and their sorrow for his calamities. "None spake a word unto him, for they saw that his grief was very great." Job too, was silent,—thus verifying the truth of the remark, that while "our lighter griefs have a voice, the more oppressive are mute."

At length, however, Job broke the silence, in language clearly indicative of an impatient spirit. He "opened his mouth and cursed his day." He expressed the vain and foolish wish, that the day in which he was born might perish; that it might be blotted out from the calendar, and no longer reckoned with the other days of the year, nor come into the number of the months. Shall we praise him for this? We praise him not. It was an improper wish; a wish that can by no means be justified. The Apostle says,—"Ye have heard of the patience of Job;" yes, and we have heard of his *impatience* too. Though in the main a very good man, yet, like all other good men, he had his infirmities, his faults, his sins; and for them he abhorred himself, and repented in dust and ashes, when the Lord answered him out of the whirlwind.

In a chapter preceding the one which contains the text, it is said, that "Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly." That is, he did not attribute folly to his Maker, or reflect at all on the divine wisdom and goodness. He admitted that his sufferings were all right and just. "Shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" But when he suffered his mind to be filled with thoughts of evil only, he indulged in feelings which his sober second thoughts condemned. It is not improbable that the great "Accuser" assaulted his mind, at this time, with all possible temptations, to fill him with hard thoughts of God, as if he were severe, unjust, and his enemy; to shake his confidence and hope, and, by filling him with horror and dismay, to urge him to curse God to his face. But the effort of the adversary failed. Though Job "cursed his day," yet he did not, as Satan said he would, curse his Maker. The trial of his faith proved that he was not, as Satan intimated, a hypocrite. Though he had his infirmities, and "spake unadvisedly with his lips," yet he was a good man: and they who, under comparatively light afflictions, have been guilty of improper words and actions, should be slow to condemn him harshly.

When he had spoken at considerable length, he paused, and Eliphaz answered him: "If we assay to commune with thee, wilt thou be grieved? but who can withhold himself from speaking? Behold thou hast instructed many, and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees. But now it is come upon thee, and thou faintest; it toucheth thee, and thou art troubled."—Here Job is charged with weakness and faintness of heart; and it must be admitted, that the charge was not wholly without foundation. There was certainly some ground for it. He had possessed, very likely, a talent for giving seasonable encouragement and counsel, as circumstances required; and had diligently improved it—thus rendering himself a blessing to many. He says in another place,—"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me. Unto me men gave ear, and waited,

and gave silence at my counsel. They waited for me as the rain; and they opened their mouth wide as for the latter rain. I was as one that comforteth the mourners."

How much easier it is to preach than to practice! to tell what we ought to do, and how we ought to feel, under specified circumstances, than to do it, and feel it! I have often thought, my hearers, of the words of the text in reference to myself. I have attempted, in my feeble manner, and, as I trust, not wholly without good effect, to "comfort the mourners," as opportunities presented, and occasions required. But the thought has often occurred to me—'Put your soul in their soul's stead, and how would you feel? Change conditions, and then preach to yourself, and you would probably find it quite another matter. It is one thing to inculcate on others the duty of resignation to the divine allotments, and quite another thing to practice that duty yourself.' I say, this thought has occurred to me before; and, if I mistake not, it has been my prayer to God, that I might not be left, by any improper conduct, to deprive myself of the advantage which the day of adversity would afford me, of confirming, by my own practice, the doctrine which I had preached to others; and that I might not give them occasion to apply to me the words of the text and context.

Nor, as I believe, have I prayed wholly in vain. I lay no claim to any stoical indifference. That I am afflicted, I have no disposition to deny. The blow, though lighter than my sins deserve, is heavy. My bereavement, it is true, is not an unexpected one. I have long been looking forward to this day, and endeavoring to prepare myself for it. But it is nevertheless a bitter cup which my heavenly Father has seen fit to administer. It is hard work to see our friends sicken and die. Who can look upon the eye which once flashed with intelligence and pleasure,—see it, from week to week, and from month to month, grow dim and languid in its socket,—and not feel? Who can see his own "familiar acquaintance," his bosom companion, 'the desire of his eyes,' pining away under the influence of a wasting disease which he knows, or has every reason ro believe,

will terminate in death, without emotion? I could not; I am not so constituted. My companion withered and drooped under the pensive watchfulness of my own eye. Her pale face was daily before me; while her emaciated form was gradually, but surely, descending to the grave. I saw that she was failing; I could not hide my eyes to the fact. It was as evident to me, as it was to others, that she could not live.

At every funeral I have attended for many months,—and funerals among us, of late, have not been "few, nor far between,"—the thought has occurred, that not improbably, the next would be at my own house. The scene so long anticipated with pain, has arrived—is past. What I have dreaded, has at length come. Those admonitions and counsels which I have so often addressed to others, I have now abundant occasion to apply to myself. And shall it be, that I shall merit the reproof which Eliphaz administered to Job? Shall I faint under this affliction? Why should I? Others have sustained themselves nobly under similar, and even heavier afflictions. Or rather they have been sustained by that Savior who has said,—"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." They have found this promise sure; and why may not I? They have called in to their aid the consolations of the gospel, that are neither few nor small, and been supported by them, in a manner surprising even to themselves.

I think, my hearers, that I find some of these consolations to-day. I trust I am not wholly insensible to the consideration, that God doeth all things well. If I know my own heart, I can say, with deep sincerity,

> Lord she was thine, and not my own,
> Thou hast not done me wrong;
> I thank thee for the precious loan
> Afforded me so long.

As I have already intimated, I have no stoical insensibility of which to boast. I wish for none. I have no wish to disguise the fact, that I deeply felt the pangs of separation; that I feel them still, and expect to feel them. I would employ no mistaken conceptions of re-

ligious duty, to restrain my emotions of grief. They are sometimes almost overwhelming. But I trust I do not murmur. I am not conscious of the least disposition to complain. As a sinner, I have no right, and as a Christian, I have no reason to murmur or repine. On the contrary, I see the best reasons why I should be comforted, and take the counsel which I have so often given; practice the resignation which I have so often preached. Two reasons for this will now be mentioned.

I. "All things work together for good to them that love God." So his word declares, and so I believe. It is, or it should be, an established maxim and faith to the believer, that all things, not excepting trials and afflictions, work together, co-operate in their connexions and issues, for the ultimate good of the Christian. Indeed, some think that trials and afflictions were principally intended by the Apostle; they being the very things of which he had just before been speaking. But whether principally intended or not, there can be no reason to doubt that they are designed and adapted to promote the Christian's welfare. That God, who knows what his people need, intends them for their good. He knows the dangers to which they are exposed, and the objects by which they are liable to be ensnared. He knows what mercies it will be safe for them to retain, and what it is necessary should be removed. And he is disposed,—he has revealed the fact, and we might infer it from a knowledge of his perfections, as derived from the light of nature,—he is disposed so to order all events that they shall work together, or mutually contribute to the highest good of them that love him—"They work together, as the different virtues of different drugs concur to make up the medicine; as the different strings or instruments of music make up the harmony; as the different colors contribute to the beauty of the rainbow, or the picture."

The Psalmist says, that "like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." Now the truly kind father who has sound discretion, will consult the future welfare of his child, rather than his pre-

sent enjoyment. So does God. All the dealings of his providence are guided by wisdom and goodness. As he knows what is best, so he always does what is best. He is good, and he *doeth* good. "Whom he loveth he chasteneth, even as the father the son in whom he delighteth." Not a single wound does he inflict, which is not needed. Afflictions, however numerous, and great, and long-continued, are among the means which his wisdom has appointed to promote the everlasting welfare of them that love him.

But *how* do they contribute to this end? It may be useful to spend a few moments in considering this question. Even if we could not explain how the good of the Christian is promoted by afflictions, still, if the fact is established, that is enough. And the fact *is* established, if we may rely upon God's word. That power which brings about the succession of day and night, seed time and harvest, summer and winter, is engaged to make all things work together for the good of his people. He who holds the stars in their orbits, and with whom are "the balancings of the clouds," has pledged his word for this. And is not that enough? "Hath he said, and shall he not do it? or hath he spoken, and shall he not make it good?" God *will* render all things subservient to the good of his people, if he can; that is certain. That he *can*, is evident from the fact that he has infinite power combined with infinite wisdom.

But the way in which afflictions promote the Christian's good, is not altogether hidden from us. In the first place, their tendency is to show him his true character. The faith of Abraham, the patience of Job, the meekness of Moses, and the piety of Joseph, would never have been known, either to themselves or others, if they had never been tested. God tried these men for the purpose of bringing their distinguishing excellencies to light; for the purpose of calling into exercise those gracious affections which were the fruits of his Spirit, and thus bringing out the peaceable fruits of righteousness. David said,—"It is good for me that I have been afflicted;" and thousands have felt the same.

In the second place, afflictions lead the Christian to

feel his dependence upon God. This is what we are all too prone to forget—our entire and absolute dependence upon an Almighty Arm. Uninterrupted prosperity is a dangerous snare to a good man even. It is like thick clay upon the feet of one who is running a race. It is like a heavy weight upon the neck of one who is swimming for his life. But "in the day of adversity" he considers. Losses and bereavements bring him to himself. At least they are adapted to do this. It is to be expected that they will do it, if he is a good man. They teach him that this is not his rest; that he has on the earth "no continuing city." They show him the evanescent nature of all worldly enjoyments and possessions. They speak to him of the illusions of earth, of the deceitfulness of worldly hope, and summon him to the work of faith;—to the pursuit of what is priceless in value, and endless in duration. God uses them to reclaim his wandering children; to show them their dependence upon him for happiness; so that they may not place their affections too highly upon any object below the sun. Afflictions, then, are adapted to do the Christian good, inasmuch as they are suited to wean him from the world;—from the fascinations of earth. The poet has truly said,—

> Our dearest joys, and nearest friends,
> The partners of our blood;
> How they divide our wavering minds,
> And leave but half for God!

We are prone to suffer our friends to engross too much of our affections. Hence, God sees it necessary, in order to break up our idolatrous attachment to them, to take them from our fond embrace, and hide them in the grave. The ties which cannot be unloosed, he breaks. The cup of domestic blessings he mingles with wormwood and gall, lest it should be too delicious for our good. He causes the waves of adversity to roll over us, that we may feel our need of consolation from a higher source than earth. Nothing will so effectually teach men how false and delusive are the prospects of worldly enjoyment, as to have the objects of our attach-

ment torn from us. And therefore the hand of kindness and love is often stretched out for this very purpose. When the Christian sees his brightest prospects clouded, his highest hopes cut off, the sight is suited to endear to him that world, where there are no clouds to darken his prospects, and no inconveniences to damp his enjoyments. The winds of adversity serve to waft his shattered bark over the stormy ocean of life, to the haven of eternal repose. As the ship-wrecked mariner, clinging to a fragment of his broken vessel, thinks of the safety and happiness enjoyed on land, and longs to be there, so the afflicted pilgrim and stranger upon earth, is reminded, by his troubles, that there is a better country, where sorrows never come.

Thus does God, by a course of instructive discipline, prepare his people for "the inheritance of the saints in light;" so that their afflictions are not only just, but merciful. And if we feel as we ought, we shall be able to say,—

Be still, my soul, and murmur not,
But count thyself most blest;
What e'er on earth may be thy lot,
The will of Christ is best.

The afflictions which he brings upon his people, are adapted to call forth the exercises of faith and hope, and give occasion for his own kind and gracious interposition in their behalf. If they are rightly improved, they will produce a subdued, a humble spirit, and thus "yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness in them that are exercised thereby." So God's people have always found it. Their testimony, so far as obtained on this point, has been uniform: so that we may consider the question, whether afflictions are beneficial, as settled.

"Shall we not then be in subjection to the Father of Spirits, and live?" The cup which he administers, shall we not drink it? Shall we despise the chastening of the Lord, and be weary of his correction? Shall we faint when we are rebuked of him? "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men." We need our afflictions, and shall we not take them patiently? Shall

we not bow submissively to the divine will? Shall we not bless God for the assurance that all things work together for good to them that love him? Is not such a consideration suited to reconcile us to the allotments of his providence? Who that believes this, can find it in his heart to complain? If God is doing for his people the very best thing that can be done, ought they not to be satisfied? Is it not a comfort to know, that if we are friends to him, he is a Friend to us? that if our sentiments are filial, his are parental? But,

II. I feel to day, brethren, that I have at least one more reason for being comforted under my bereavement; and that is, that I do not mourn without hope—without a strong belief, that my companion died a Christian, and has gone to heaven.

The grounds of this belief you will allow me to state with some particularity, as the best tribute I can offer to her memory. In doing this, I hope not to incur the charge of undue partiality. It was no part of my object, when I commenced this discourse, to obtrude my sorrows upon your attention, or to eulogize the character of my deceased companion. Her record is on high. Eulogy would afford no music to her clay-cold ear, even if that ear were instinct with life; for she was always opposed to eulogies. But I think, that could she speak to me from the invisible world, she would give me permission to say, that she was a poor sinner saved by grace. I think I have good reason to believe, that she "died in the Lord." And I would honor the grace of God, which made her what she was. She was troubled at times, with many doubts and fears, and had some *horrors of great darkness*. At other times, she enjoyed *strong consolations*—sweet "peace in believing."

It is now twenty-three years, since she professed to have "passed from death unto life." In the summer of 1824, there was a powerful revival in the town of Vassalboro', where she was born, and where she then resided. She was one of the first, if not the *very* first, who indulged a hope in that revival. After a season of

great mental conflict, she hopefully submitted herself to God, and gave her heart to Christ. The transition from darkness to light was sudden, momentary. One moment, she was filled with agony unutterable, and the next, calm as a summer evening. One moment, on the borders of despair, and the next, "rejoicing in hope;" or rejoicing in she knew not what. Old things were done away, and all things had become new. This was at the close of a religious meeting, held in her grandfather's house. It was the commencement of a revival which resulted in the hopeful conversion of nearly one hundred souls.

For several years after this, her "peace was like a river;" her life was an almost uninterrupted stream of religious enjoyment. 'The day glided sweetly o'er her head, made up of innocence and love.' She could say of the Bible, as Jeremiah said,—"Thy words were found, and I did eat them; and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of my heart." She read it carefully and thoroughly, with all the 'Notes and Practical Observations' of Dr. Scott; and read it with a zest like that with which a hungry man sits down to a well furnished table. She loved the Bible-Class, with which she was at that time connected, and sat under the instructions of her pastor, the Rev. Thomas Adams, with great delight. She took a deep interest in the Sabbath-School, in which for several years, she was a beloved teacher.

At the time of an interesting revival in Topsham, some fourteen years ago,—we were living there then,—she had, for several months in succession, great spiritual enjoyment, and felt that she should never again doubt that her feet were planted on the everlasting Rock. And yet she did doubt, after this. Some of you have heard her express her doubts, in the social praying band of Christian sisters, and in the conference meetings of the church; though I am not aware that any of you have had serious doubts in regard to her good estate. The "adversary," as I think, and as she thought, took advantage of her many bodily infirmities, to disturb the peace and serenity of her mind. Her mind and body sympathized with each other. When her health was

poorer than usual,—and for years she was a great invalid, not knowing the luxury of feeling well for an hour,—her mind was more than usually beclouded. And it is in this way that I account for the somewhat peculiar state of her mind, during a few months past. Her nervous system was greatly impaired. There were times when she seemed to have but very little control over her mind—indeed none at all! Few, besides myself, were aware how frail she was. Few, who were not experimentally acquainted with nervous difficulties, could be expected to make all suitable allowances for them. Indeed, I can now see that I sometimes failed here; and it is a source of grief to me. It is indeed.

Towards the last of life, there was an apparent change in her nervous system for the better. She was more calm and self-possessed. Still her mind was dark.—Her earnest plea was for *the light of God's countenance.* "O will he ever lift the light of his countenance upon me again?

> What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
> How sweet their memory still!"

She was much interested in Mrs. Rowe's "Devout Exercises,"—a little volume filled with sentiments of deep-toned piety. Buck on "Religious Experience," too, was searched with that avidity with which a starving man would search for food. I give you a short paragraph from the latter work, to which she directed me, saying,—"That expresses my feelings."

"What mean all my former experience, if I know not the Lord? Should I ever have enjoyed communion with him, and been blessed with his presence, if he had meant to have destroyed me? Should I ever have so ardently longed to be conformed to his image, and be devoted to his glory, if I had not tasted that he was gracious? If I am an hypocrite, what mean these fears, these anxieties, respecting my state? Why so wretched when I fall into sin? Why so happy when kept from it? Why, if I am to be a cast-away, do I maintain the struggle? Why did I formerly renounce the world, and how was

I able to rise superior to it, if I never was a recipient of grace? If I be deceived, what mean the happy Sabbaths I have enjoyed, and the delightful feelings I have possessed, when at the throne of grace? If my heart has never been changed, then from what have all my former views, experience, enjoyments, desires, conflicts and feelings been derived? Can they be from any other source than grace? And shall grace be given in vain? Will the Almighty, after showing me all these things, abandon me forever? Can it be? Can reason prove it? Doth Scripture assert it? Surely not."

At the same time, she directed me to the following passage in Pike's "Guide to Young Disciples," as expressive of her experience: "You mourn an evil heart of unbelief. The graces that exist in your soul, are so opposed and weakened by powerful corruptions, that they seem like light struggling with darkness. In some happy moments you think you *do* trust, and *will* trust the Savior with your all; but these moments too soon depart, and you feel as if you had no trust in him. Sometimes you are ready to conclude that you do indeed believe on the Savior of the lost; but soon you feel faith so weak, hope so dull, love so cold, that you doubt whether you possess any faith, or hope, or love. You are ready to exclaim,—Surely I can not be a believer; if I am, the Lord help my unbelief."

One Sabbath morning, as we were reading the Bible at family prayers, she desired that the 77th Psalm might be read, in which Asaph shows some of his conflicts and victories, as follows: "In the day of my trouble I sought the Lord: my sore ran in the night and ceased not: my soul refused to be comforted. I remembered God, and was troubled: I complained, and my spirit was overwhelmed. Thou holdest mine eyes waking: I am so troubled that I cannot speak. I have considered the days of old, the years of ancient times. I call to remembrance my song in the night: I commune with mine own heart: and my spirit made diligent search. Will the Lord cast off forever? and will he be favorable no more? Is his mercy clean gone forever? doth his promise fail forever more? Hath God forgotten to be gra-

cious? Hath he in anger shut up his tender mercies? And I said, *This is my infirmity: but I will remember the years of the right hand of the Most High. I will remember the works of the Lord; surely I will remember thy wonders of old.*" "The Psalmist then," she said, "reverted to his past experience of the divine goodness, and why may not I?" On the same morning, we rode out. As we passed this house, she said,—"When I think that I shall never enter that house again, it makes me feel sad. But if I should be so happy as to find in eternity, that I am not deceived, I shall have a better house to worship in than that. When I think of the Savior, he looks precious; but I can compare myself to nothing else but a disobedient child: when he comes into the presence of his parents, though he loves them, he does not dare to look up." The same day she said,—"I have some relief: O, the Savior has unveiled his lovely face!" And again, at another time,—"I feel a great calmness of mind to-day; I am comfortable in body, though I feel that I am liable to drop away at any time. God is good; Oh, how good he is! He supports me, he supports me—he does!"

On a subsequent Sabbath morning, as the family were preparing for meeting, she said,—"I shall never go to meeting again." I said,—'I am afraid not.' "No," said she, "Well, heaven will be a better sanctuary than ours.

> O blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God;
> And every power find sweet employ,
> In that eternal world of joy."

We were reading one morning, at family prayers, the 12th chapter of Jeremiah. As we came to the 5th verse,—"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—she said, with tender emotion,—"I feel that God is my portion. Oh, why have I distrusted him? Oh, what peace!" Yes, there was peace in view of the "*swelling of Jordan.*"

At another time, she expressed the hope that she should not be left to dishonor religion in her dying moments. On being told that people would be disposed to make great allowance for her, even if her mind should be dark; that her past conduct had not been very inconsistent with her profession, certainly not in the view of her friends; and that they would look, not so much to her dying moments, as to her past life, in forming their estimate of her character;—she replied: "I cannot say with Whitefield, that I have done so much in life, that there is no need of a dying testimony in favor of religion.* But I must give myself up into the hands of God! I think I can. If he sees fit to give me elevated feelings, he will; if not, I must submit. He sees that I am a *frail, feeble child:* he will make all proper allowances."

One day after this, as I was in my study, she sent a request that I would come down. As I entered her room, she said, after wiping away the trickling tears which were chasing each other down her emaciated cheeks,—"I don't know but my husband will think me foolish; but I could not repress my desire to tell him how happy I am. My cup is full, and running over. My soul is filled with love to God, and love to every creature. Oh, why is it that such a blessing is conferred on one so unworthy? But will it last? I fear not. My mind is weak; I shall lose it. Well, what if I do? God's mind will not change, if mine does. I may die in the dark yet. But it will be all right. God will not cast me off; I feel confident that he will not. I have thought sometimes, that I wished for light and comfort in a dying hour, because the honor of religion was involved in it; because religion would suffer, if I should fail to show its sustaining influence. But there may be spiritual pride at the bottom of all this."

In this manner she proceeded, till her feeble strength was exhausted; and closed by saying,—"I wish I could talk; it would be a great satisfaction."

At another time, she said,—"I have no dread of the

*Whitefield did not say this exactly; I use *her* words, and not his.

grave—not the least in the world. I have some fear of the last struggles of dissolving nature; but perhaps I shall not suffer so much as I anticipate: God has always been better to me than my fears."

She said to me, not long since, speaking of her children,—"They need a mother's care; but God will take care of them. The seed of the righteous shall not be forsaken. They need a mother *much;* but they need a father *more.* I can be spared better than you. I try to give them up every day. There are those who seem to wish, that they could take their children out of God's hands; but *what would they do with them?*"

Again she said, speaking of secret prayer,---"I have not been so regular and uniform in the discharge of that duty, as I ought to have been, though I have never entirely neglected it. Sometimes, when my health was poor, I could not go away in the cold; but I feel now, that if I were to live my life over again, I would spend more time in prayer. O, prayer is everything."

Speaking of the little varieties which had kindly been sent in to her by the neighbors, or which we had been able to procure from a distance, she said,—"I have the products of both the Indies. God is good; I love him, though he does not see fit to shine upon me, as I could desire. I rejoice to be in his hands; I love his holy sovereignty; if I thought I was out of his hands, I should be frightened. What a condition the world would be in, were it not for its moral Governor! Every thing would be afloat!"

When the Doctor said to her,—'You can live but a few days at most,' she replied,—"That is comforting." The same day she said to her husband,—"The Savior is good; I love him; O, I love him *better than I do you:* I suppose you are willing. I feel that heaven is mine; that when I leave this world, I shall go to that blest abode." O what a moment of joy and gratitude to the already bleeding heart of her husband, was that! Had she said that she loved any other being on earth better than she loved him, he would have been grieved: but to hear her say, that she loved *Jesus* better, made him infinitely richer than if she had put into his hands all

the gold of Ophir. He felt at that moment that his prayer was answered: for he had just had a season of agonizing intercession at the throne of grace in her behalf.

But her darkness had not all fled yet. One more fear was to flit across her mind, before the glories of heaven were fully unfolded to her admiring gaze. "Is it true," she said, the day before she left us,—"Is it true, that I am going right into eternity? I shrink from the thought. What if after all, I should be deceived! O how dreadful!" About 12 o'clock that night, we perceived a change, and the family were called up. After an hour or so, she was a little relieved, and the children retired. I was sitting by her side, nearly asleep, when I heard my name called in a gentle whisper, with the addition,—"*I believe I am going.*" I said,—'I hope the Savior is near.' She replied, in the same whisper,—"*Precious! precious!*" She continued about the same, so far as we could judge, till 5 o'clock in the morning, when she desired me to call in the Doctor, thinking he might tell her about how long she would be likely to survive. About two hours after this, she said,—"Sweet fields"—I added,—'beyond the swelling flood.' Said she, with emphasis,—"I *see* them!" She was within the banks of Jordan then, and I could not but think, *did see through!* She then took a short, but affectionate leave of her children. With emotions which must be *felt*, in order to be known, I watched her fluttering pulse, till they ceased to flutter. The wheels of time seemed to her to drag on heavily. "No rest! well the rest of heaven will be so much the sweeter." "I shall not always be sick." "O how long this tabernacle is in dissolving." "How long, O Lord, how long." These were among her last expressions. I spoke to her such encouraging words as these: "A few minutes longer, and it will all be over—there! the pulse has almost stopped! there! there! you are going! you are *going!* —FAREWELL!" Just another gasp or two, and the agonized bosom ceased to heave; the soul deserted its tenement of clay, and was gone! The features resumed their wonted smile; and when dressed for the grave,

she looked more lovely in the eyes of her heart-stricken husband, than when nineteen years before, she stood by his side, in her bridal attire, and linked her earthly destinies with his.

I have been somewhat particular in this narrative; perhaps more so than good taste would have dictated: but you who know *by experience* a bereaved husband's feelings, will make all suitable allowance for what may seem a husband's partiality. And as to others, they will know more about it, when they come to learn in the same school. It may then be interesting to them, perhaps, to dwell upon, and repeat the sayings of deceased friends, during the last days of their earthly pilgrimage.

To some who now hear me, Mrs. H. was greatly endeared. How hardly she strove to keep alive among you the Female Prayer-meeting, and the monthly meetings of the Maternal Association, some of you have occasion to know. I shall never forget the efforts she made to attend those meetings uniformly, notwithstanding the little interest manifested in them by others, and notwithstanding her own bodily infirmities. I used myself sometimes to try to dissuade her,—thinking that her efforts were all lost, and that she owed it to herself, considering the state of her health, to desist. But it was of no use; her purpose was fixed, never to be shaken, while her steps would bear her to the place of prayer, or while she was able to be carried. I speak what I know, in regard to this matter. She loved the Maternal Association. She loved the social praying band. She loved much a little manual of devotion, called "Daily Food for Christians;" being a short portion of Scripture, together with a verse of a hymn, for each day in the year. She kept it in her work-basket, that it might be before her eyes every day. It is there now, *as she left it*. Mrs. Prior's "Walks of Usefulness" she also regarded as a treasure. So deeply interested was she in this work, that she purchased several copies, and sent them to absent friends. The "Advocate of Moral Reform and Family Guardian," was always a welcome visitor. She took a deep interest in the praiseworthy objects sought to be promoted by that noble publication.

But I must not enlarge.

Allow me to say, before I close,—for I shall not, perhaps, publicly advert to the subject again,—that Mrs. H., though plain, frank and open-hearted, had the happy faculty above many, of waking and securing the friendship of those who best knew her worth. It is true, she had but few *intimate* friends; very few. Her motto was,—"Live peaceably with all." And in this she succeeded to an eminent degree. She always found friends; and when once found, they were seldom lost.

As a wife and a mother, she was tender, affectionate and kind. The heart of her husband could safely trust in her. She was domestic in her habits—"a keeper at home." With her, there was "a place for every thing, and every thing in its place." Nothing was ever put off till to-morrow, which ought to be done to-day. There was a skill in her arrangements, which always made home attractive. She managed her household affairs with great prudence and economy: and thus enabled the family to live, and to live well enough, within a very moderate income. Though for many years an invalid, yet she was not "*a bill of expense.*" She labored, for the most part, with her own hands, and thus saved the expense of hired help. She was not accustomed to buy what was not absolutely necessary; though she was laid under restrictions with regard to her expenditures, by no will but her own. She was economical in almost every thing, except her own strength. That she never spared, but was prodigal of, to a fault.

But she has passed away from among us, and as I believe, and as we all believe, to a better world. I am comforted with the thought, that

'Tis well with her who on that bed
Of sickness, late, was laid so low;
'Tis well, though anguish bowed the head,
And conflicts rent her bosom so.

'Tis well with her—that lovely one,
Though like a broken flower she lies;
Her mortal puts immortal on,
Her graces flourish in the skies.

'Tis well with her—Oh, God 'tis well
Ever with those whom thou dost love,
Whether in fleshly tents they dwell,
Or tread thy starry courts above.

Her views and feelings on some subjects, were somewhat peculiar. I do not know but I ought to allude to one thing, as a sort of apology for what may seem to some, to have been peculiar in me, in regard to her funeral. She was always greatly adverse to all parade and display, on funeral occasions. She used to say, that if she outlived any of her friends, it would be a privilege, and she should claim it as her right, notwithstanding the almost universal custom to the contrary, to take her look of their remains alone. And her delicate sensibility shrunk from the thought of having her own remains exposed to the gaze of any whose only wish to view them, might be the result of a mere idle curiosity. This, it may be said, was a mere matter of feeling, with which principle had nothing to do. I admit it. But the feeling was so strong, that she said she could not die in peace, till I had given her my word that she should not, with my consent, be carried to the meeting-house, and that as little stir as possible should be made, when she was carried to the silent mansions of the dead. She wished her funeral to be as silent, if possible, as the grave itself.

It was her desire, also, that the family should wear no deep mourning. The custom of wearing mourning-dresses, she thought, involved needless expense, which many could but poorly afford, and that it ought for this reason, if for no other, to be discountenanced. She regarded it as having no connection with bereaved affections. She thought it soothed no grief, and aided no useful meditation; that it was no real expression of sorrow, no infallible mark of respect, but rather served to divert attention from the instructive dispensation of Providence, to turn the house of death into a millinery shop —to send abroad for ribbons and crape, and this, that and the other; or to render the solemn occasion in any way, a needless scene of confusion, by any attempt at parade and show. And she charged me, if I had any regard to her wishes, to see that no such thing was done. I promised her—I could not do otherwise, even if my own views and feelings had not coincided with hers, in regard to the matter.

But I need not say more; and I could not say less. Brethren and friends, that many of you regard this event of divine providence as a personal affliction, I have no doubt. You feel that you too, have sustained a loss. You have indeed. God has made a breach upon this flock. God has done it. Let this suffice. Bow in submission to his holy will. Be humbled under his chastening hand.

For all your kindness and sympathy for me, and mine, I thank you. Though it cannot make up for the loss of your minister, yet it will serve to alleviate the sorrows of his burdened heart. He will remember it of you, while he lives. And while he solicits an interest in your prayers, it shall be his prayer for you, that when the day of trouble which awaits you, shall come, sustaining grace may be richly imparted to your otherwise sinking spirits. When the grim messenger shall enter your doors, and summon away your friends, may you have the unspeakable satisfaction of seeing them dying in the Lord, and be enabled to give them up without a murmuring or repining thought. And when you yourselves shall be called to lie down and die, may it be in the embraces of a Savior's love. It will be, if you are the friends of God. If you fight the good fight of faith, and lay hold on eternal life, death will be to you the dawn of immortality. The clouds that may sometimes obscure the Sun of Righteousness, will scatter and break. That dark, deep flood before you, that sometimes, it may be, fills you with dread, will open its bosom for your transit; and, standing, ere you are aware, on the other side of this Jordan, you will sound a nobler harp than Miriam's, when the tribes of Israel had passed the Red Sea—you will sing the song not of Moses only, but of the Lamb,—a song which no angel's tongue can sound, and no angel's heart conceive. He who now says, *Follow me*, will then say, *Come up higher*. The gates of glory that shut you in, will shut out sin and sorrow, tears and death.

There, your joys shall last forever,
Changeless and bright;
Clouds shall dim, O never, never,
That world of light.

Friends and fellow-travelers to the grave, and to the judgment, be entreated all of you to make your peace with God, and lay up your treasure in heaven. Never, as it seems to me, did it look so desirable that all should be prepared for the retributions of eternity, as it has of late. O, it is hard work to die, at best; but what must it be to die without hope! God grant that you may never know. But you *will* know, unless you make haste, and delay not to keep his commands. While I speak, the arrows of death are flying. The graves of some of you will soon be opened—sooner than you are aware. And when you descend into them, where will be your immortal spirits? I beseech you, friends, prepare for a dying hour. How can you die without religion? What will you do on the bed of death, if you cannot lean your head on the Savior's bosom? O, if I could command language adequate to my wishes, I would utter such a note of warning and entreaty, as with the blessing of God, should effectually disturb the guilty slumbers of hardened impenitence, and send every careless sinner in this house, trembling to the footstool of sovereign mercy. Go there, sinner; go to-day. It may be the commencement of eternal life to your soul.